

WHO KNOWS.

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again!

The fruitful seed beneath the sod
In infant bud and bloom may rise;
But by the eternal laws of God
It is not quickened till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree
Fall 'neath the stroke of autumn's storms;
But, by some mighty mystery,
With spring return in other forms.

As currents of the surging sea
From undiscovered sources flow,
So what we were and yet may be,
In this brief life we may not know.

But oft some unexpected gleams
Of past and unremembered years
Break through the doorway of our dreams
And some familiar face appears:

A gentle spirit, lost awhile,
Amid the change from death to birth,
Whose beaming eye and loving smile
Recall some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the tie,
The mystic link that love creates,
Perhaps we see our own who die,
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed
In all the ages yet to be,
Our loved will come to us at last,
As parted waters find the sea:

Not wholly clad as they were seen
When death unbound their robes of clay,
But with seraphic face and mien,
And souls that cannot pass away.

—David Banks Sickle in New York Sun.

HEMMED IN BY A PRAIRIE FIRE.

An Experience That Is Burned Into a Westerner's Memory.

"I had an experience in Nebraska in 1856 that I can see yet whenever I shut my eyes," said Major Tom Stephens. "I piloted a party of emigrants across the plains and was returning alone to the Missouri. It was a trifle risky, but my business was urgent, and I was so well mounted that I had little fear of Indians. It was in the latter part of September, and as there had been no rain for two months the tall grass was like so much tinder.

"One night I camped on a small tributary of the Middle Loup. It was a small, spring fed rivulet, destitute of timber and almost hidden by the rank grass. I had not slept long when I was awakened by the neighing of my horse, and was horrified to find the prairie to the south of me afire and a strong wind sweeping it down upon me. I mounted and started for the Loup, some five miles north, but before half the distance was covered my horse put his foot in a hole, fell and broke a leg.

"The fire hemmed me in by a semi-circle and was coming on with terrible rapidity. The whole heavens seemed to be a sheet of roaring flame. I thought sure I was done for. I have heard that men brought face to face with death remember every evil deed of their lives, but I simply stood there in the dry grass and watched the sublime spectacle. I felt that my doom was sealed and deliberately waited for it. Suddenly a new danger confronted me. A vast herd of buffalo flying before the fire was bearing down upon me. I was to be trampled to death and cremated afterward! As the vast mass came thundering on I instinctively started and ran. Several deer went scurrying by me, and I fancied I could feel the hot breath of the herd of buffalo on the back of my neck. I was suddenly thrown into the air and landed lengthwise across the back of a big bull.

"I fastened my fingers in his shaggy coat and managed to bestride him, and thus mounted I was carried to the Loup river, where I was thrown off by the branch of a tree. I managed to swing to it, however, and thus saved myself from being trampled to death. The herd plunged across the shallow river, and I took refuge from the approaching flames in its muddy waters. Three days later I was picked up, more dead than alive, by an emigrant train. I spent, first and last, more than fifteen years on the plains and had many close calls, but that midnight ride on a buffalo's back, with the Loup river in front and the fires of Gehenna roaring in the rear, was, I think, as remarkable as any of the inventions of the yellow back literature."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One Kind of Praise.

"Do you know how one professional will express himself when he wants to say that another is a very poor artist?" said "a actor" to the Man About Town. "Say that a manager was to come to me and ask me about So-and-so's ability. He's a rattling good fellow, you know, and I wouldn't do him harm for the world, but he's a very hum actor. I'd say to the manager, 'He's a fine fellow and he's good to his mother.' That would fix him forever. Among our people no slur or deprecating language is half as expressive as that phrase, 'He's good to his mother.' Only thing that can be said in his favor, don't you see, and a little bit like, 'Yes, but he's a good hearted fellow,' except that usage has made it infinitely more expressive."—St. Louis Republic.

Hard Work.

The "wax fitter" in the queen's household arranges the candles on the dinner table, for which he draws \$300 a year, but he does not light them. That duty is performed by two lamp-lighters, drawing a salary of \$500 each.—London Tit-Bits.

Sure of It.

Mrs. Justrich—These diamonds are genuine of course?
Jeweler—Certainly, madam; I know the manufacturer personally.—Exchange.

A Hand Organ Represents Capital.

In a little shop on Elizabeth street, just around the corner from Grand and in the very heart of the Italian quarter, may be found the headquarters in this country for the manufacture of barrel organs, street pianos and carousal organs. Ranged on either side of the room are instruments of all patterns and values brought in for tuning or repairing, while their owners stand lazily about smoking cigarettes, nibbling raw onion and jabbering in their fascinating tongue with each other. Against the wall at the end of the room hangs a card which declares in the Italian that "Organs are tuned while you wait," and this is impressed upon the visitor by the active movements of the two young men who do the work and the monotonous sounds they make in doing it.

"There you are. Dollar and a half. Thank you. Good day," and one of the proprietors of this primitive little organ factory helped a fat, sleepy looking Neapolitan hoist a 60-pound barrel organ on his little round shouldered back with remarkable ease and facility.

"What does an instrument like that cost?"
"That one cost \$100 when new, and it is a good one, for I made it. We have them, though, for eighty-five dollars, and from that up to \$200. The latter price will buy a piano organ of the finest pattern. In weight, the range is from thirty to seventy-five pounds for the old fashioned barrel organ, while the pianos weigh much more."—New York World.

A Limit to Long Distance Telephoning.
The telephone, even when first brought out, was a marvel of simplicity and effectiveness. When we consider that by its means we may converse with and even recognize the voice of a person distant from us a considerable fraction of the earth's circumference, we cannot fail to be impressed with the wonder of it. Can we, however, anticipate such an extension of the power of the telephone that we may at some time use an ocean cable as the line over which speech is to be conveyed?

To answer this question in the negative would be to set a limit to the capacity of the human intellect to make future advances; nevertheless there are reasons which are cogent enough tending to point to the impracticability of telephonic transmission through cables of great length. In such cases a retardation and an obliteration of the delicate pulses of current which characterize electrical speech serve to prevent the reception of speech at the end of the line.—Professor Elihu Thomson in New England Magazine.

The Tone of Machinery.

Engineers judge of the condition of their machinery by the tone it gives out while running. Every engine, whether stationary or locomotive, has a particular tone of its own. The engineer becomes accustomed to that, and any departure from it at once excites a suspicion that all is not right. The engineer may not know what is the matter, he may have no ear for music, but the change in the tone of his machine will be instantly perceptible, will be instantly recognized and will start him on an immediate investigation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Good Idea.

In a handsome house lately planned provision is made for such sickness in the family by including a room with tiled floors and walls and all other provisions for safety in contagious diseases not usually found outside of hospitals.—New York Post.

Serving a Subpoena.

An amusing little incident once occurred to me when calling upon a veterinary surgeon well known in the northeast district of London. I had to serve him with a subpoena, summoning him to give evidence as a witness, and being reluctant to waste perhaps a whole day or even more upon the case, he refused to take it unless more "conduct money" were added. Of course I received my instructions, and merely laying the paper upon his person being "good service," round and round the table in his front sitting room we went, I endeavoring to place it upon him, he dodging backward to keep out of the way.

However, after a lengthy go-as-you-please race on a track that was, goodness only knows, how many laps to the mile, he suddenly burst out laughing at the oddity of the situation, and breathless with exertion accepted the subpoena.—London Tit-Bits.

A Story of the Autocrat.

When her lion was leaving, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade and rather expected effusive admiration from the great man, said, with a confidential smile, "Well, Dr. Holmes, what do you think of afternoon tea?" He answered in these four graphic words, "It is giggle—gabble—gobble—and git!" This sentence will become historic.—Boston Home Journal.

A Lesson.

Mother (impressively)—The paper says that two bad, wicked boys, who were robbing birds' nests, were struck by lightning.
Small Boy—Yes'm. Trees is awful unsafe in a storm.—Good News.

Words of a "Joy Giver."

"In the Cheering up Business" contains the brave conclusion reached by a young girl who so persistently tries to bring sunshine into the lives of others that she finally becomes known as the "joy giver."

"If there is only one thing in life which is bright and 'pleasant,' she said, 'that I mean to hold fast; and if there isn't such a thing, I'll make it. I'll be it myself!'

Perhaps she was helped in her hearty and healthy way of taking life by the remark of an old doctor, who had called to see another member of the family and asked:

"What's the matter with her now?"
"Oh," said the young girl, "I suppose it's her nerves!"

"Nerves! nerves!" cried the doctor, seemingly in an alarming rage. "My dear young lady, I adjure you by all your hopes of happiness, don't let that word get into your vocabulary. There's no such thing! Indigestion, dyspepsia, if you like, but not nerves!"

That he was fond of exaggeration, no one can doubt; still the lesson he would have taught was a sensible one. When we allow ourselves moods of ill temper or weakness because we are "nervous," then we need to remember that the soul is stronger than the body. We need to look about us and see whether or not we can make some one else happy.

"For," says the little heroine who became a joy giver, "if one is really disposed to bring people good cheer it is wonderful to see what frequent opportunities there are. One might make it a business!"

Kitty's Idea.

The bright sayings of Kitty, one of the servants in an Asbury Park hotel, are a constant source of amusement to the guests. The other day she was shown a Chinese Testament printed on rice paper. "Bedad," said the girl, after she had looked the little book over, "it do be as queer in looks as the Chinamen do be themselves. No wonder the hathon have crooked eyes if they have to read the loikes of that."—New York Tribune.

Japan Clover.

The Japan clover is spreading all over the southern states. It was introduced there, nobody knows how, during the latter years of the war, and has since then become so common that its appearance in any locality attracts no attention. Nobody knows how it spreads. It appears mysteriously in a place where it was never seen before, and where it is difficult to explain how the seeds could have come. It grows luxuriantly and answers all the purposes of common clover, crowding out the different grasses and almost all kinds of weeds.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Advertisements.

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Nervous Headaches

for which she found little help. She has tried many things that promised well but performed little. Last fall a friend gave her a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems surprising what simply one bottle could and did do for her. The attacks of headache decreased in number and were less violent in their intensity, while her general health has been improved. Her appetite has also been better. From our experience with

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